

this month and there studied the tides and currents of the Channel waters and other details which it was necessary I should have a knowledge of. I swam daily for an hour or two, and on two occasions swam distances of six miles and upward.

Yesterday morning I started out on one of my practice swims, having no intention whatever at the start of trying to accomplish the swim between Dover and Calais. I was accompanied, in a boat, by Captain Henry Bincham, a Channel pilot, who had as an assistant William Saunders, of Dover, and by Charles W. Brown, my trainer. Mr. Joseph Cheevers, the proprietor of a music hall at Dover, and Mr. Alex. McDonald, who represented the Journal.

Hundreds See the Start.
I started about 11 o'clock in the morning. We pushed off in the sailing lugger, the Sea Lark, and rowed over to the head of the Admiralty Pier. In the meantime I had received a thorough rubbing down in oil, and while I felt prepared to swim a long distance, I had no idea that I would be able to score as I did.

The Terrible Drawbacks.
At 11:30 o'clock, in the presence of several hundred people on the pier head, I jumped overboard and headed for the French shore. After travelling several hours, and feeling strong and with favorable conditions, I concluded I would press on for the opposite shore.

I failed to reach it, however, and was compelled to relinquish my task after thirteen hours of very hard labor. As all long-endurance swims call for the exercise of great will, as well as physical, power and endurance from the elements, I naturally suffered a great deal, experiencing cramps, violent attacks of nausea, smarting eyes, bilious and burned from the heavy, cold salt water and a hot sun, a maze of ebbs and currents, tired muscles and frequent severe chills, as well as the terribly depressing monotony which always accompanies a long and severe struggle in the sea.

Then there were disappointing and dispiriting circumstances such as the unfavorable turning of the tide at a critical point, the apparent seaminess of the shore caused by the brilliant flashings of light from lighthouses, and which never seemed to grow any nearer notwithstanding persistent efforts to get closer to them; the darkness and gloom of night, phosphorescent waters, which would break startlingly into waves of fire; the monotonous swash of seas and the vitality at low point with ambition strong and scarcely any resources to draw from. This was my condition for several hours before I was obliged to stop swimming and be taken into a boat.

I managed to get within four miles and probably nearer three miles of Cape Gris Nez, at a point about sixteen or seventeen miles from Dover. With the drifting caused by tides, etc., it is roughly estimated that I covered a course of about thirty-five miles.

The story of my swim can better be told by those who accompanied me on my journey across the Straits of Dover.

Peter S. McNally was formerly a Boston reporter, who had a great reputation as a swimmer. He is a brother of John J. McNally, the dramatic critic and playwright. McNally, who is now thirty-nine years old, saved his first life when he was seven. He holds all the honors that the Massachusetts Humane Society can bestow. In 1884 he won the silver medal, and to this second service war was attached in 1885.

On the afternoon of June 29, that year, McNally was standing on the platform of a car on his way to the North Shore beach, when he saw a boy knocked overboard from Wood Island Bridge by the train, which was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. McNally jumped and struck the water a considerable distance from where the boy, whose name was Robert Rogers, fell, but he reached him in time to prevent a drowning. Rogers was so badly injured by the train that he died shortly after being taken from the water.

Saved Two at Once.

The massive gold medal held by McNally was bestowed for the rescue of two men, James W. Dempsey and Thomas Kelly, on May 23, 1891. Dempsey and Kelly were out rowing near the Warren bridge. Kelly lost an ear, and in the trying to retrieve it fell off of the boat. Dempsey jumped in to save him, when both men lost their heads and grappled. There were hundreds on the bridge at the time. Seeing the commotion among the people McNally, who was on his way home to Charleston, S. C., who fell from the boat, and he had a desperate struggle with the men, but managed to get hold of them in such a way as to prevent their drowning him, and kept them up until the arrival of a boat.

His first rescue, when he was seven years old, was of a boy named John O'Sullivan, who fell from a bridge in Charleston, and would have drowned had not Peter, who was playing with him, jumped in and pulled him up by the hair. It was this same boy who was saved by McNally near the Chelsea bridge and bringing up the body of a Boston man named Walsh, who had been drowned while bathing. It was this same boy who was saved by McNally near the Chelsea bridge and bringing up the body of a Boston man named Walsh, who had been drowned while bathing.

Two more lives were saved by McNally in 1881. He came near losing his life in an attempt to save a party of those who had been up to the water's edge, and were struggling to get out. He was in turn obliged to give him assistance. Island, Revere Beach, in 1884, he saved a Walden woman named Lena Campbell. He saved two boys at Nantuxet the same summer, and late in November of that year went into the water at Northford avenue, Charleston, for a third Willie Stevens. The boy had been thrown from a boat and McNally had to dive for him, and saved seven lives.

His Hardest Rescue.

McNally's hardest bout with drowning was in December, 1881, when he jumped from the Warren bridge to save a woman, an insane woman, who attempted suicide. He struck a log in the leap and smashed in his nose. The blow stunned him for a moment, but the woman's clothing buoyed her up, and he was able to get her clear. He sighted her floating out toward the harbor. It was night. The woman was of powerful frame, and she fought like a lioness. She bit his right thumb to the bone, and he was obliged to use his fist to subdue her. He swam with her to the quay and was helped by assistants to that quarter by shouting as he swam.

There is no record of all the lives he has saved, but he thinks he has pulled at least sixty persons from jeopardy. His record has secured him the award of a national medal for life saving by the United States Government.

Nordica Is Convalescent.
London, July 25.—Mrs. Lillian Nordica, the prima donna, who has been seriously ill at the Hotel Savoy for several weeks, is convalescent. She takes the press to the theatre, and her friends are glad to see her. She has been from time to time making inquiries regarding her condition.



Peter S. McNally, the Yankee, Who Swam the English Channel.

The Boston swimmer telegraphed to London yesterday that he had accomplished the swim of thirty-five miles from Dover to a point on the French coast. He was in the water fifteen hours. McNally was formerly a Boston reporter, and is a brother to John J. McNally, the playwright.

CITIZENS' UNION LOSES ONE CARD.

Henry White, of Its Executive Committee, "Turned Down" by Labor.

THOUGHT TO BE STRONG,

But He Is Defeated as a Delegate to a Convention of His Own Trade Workers.

The Citizens' Union is experiencing difficulty in retaining representative labor men in its ranks. It was learned yesterday that Henry White, the general secretary of the United Garment Workers, has been defeated as a candidate for delegate to the National Convention of the United Garment Workers, which assembles in Rochester on August 9. He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union.

It so happened that there were no delegates of the United Garment Workers at the meeting of the Central Labor Union yesterday. This was looked upon as significant. Everybody apparently had heard that Henry White, who was one of the most prominent labor leaders in the city, had been "turned down," and it was known by everybody that he was a member of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union.

The delegates of the Clothing Cutters, which is White's Union, to the National Convention of the United Garment Workers are J. T. Lawrence, Samuel Alter and H. Sullivan. None of them are members of the Citizens' Union. Lawrence is a member of the Workingmen's Political League. This organization is practically a party of the Citizens' Union.

Edward Friday is the delegate of the United Clothing Salesmen, a branch of the United Garment Workers, to the convention of the United Garment Workers. He is a member of the Workingmen's Political League. This organization is practically a party of the Citizens' Union.

George Tomblinson, White's associate on the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union, has also, it is said, outlined his influence. He is a member of the Guilders' Union, but has taken no active part in labor matters for a long time. A number of labor leaders who received circulars from the Citizens' Union asking them to join it were sent yesterday. They are sorry for Mr. White's defeat, but are not in the mood to be turned out of the Citizens' Union.

The leaders of the Citizens' Union fooled themselves if they thought they could gain labor votes by getting men like Henry White into their ranks. In the first place, the constitution of the United Garment Workers forbids any one introducing politics into its councils. Mr. White, if he had been ever so well disposed to inject politics into the meeting of the United Garment Workers, could not have done so.

William J. O'Brien, president of the Board of Walking Delegates, said: "The Citizens' Union is an organization that never will and never ought to be popular with workmen. They tried to rope me in, but did not succeed. I signed the platform at first because none of the names on the document were enemies of organized labor. When I found, afterward, that some of its members were men who in Albany had opposed labor measures that I was now there to support, I got out of it, and sent a letter giving my reasons. One of the men in the Citizens' Union is Charles Stewart Smith, who made himself conspicuous in opposing every labor measure that I was sent by the labor unions to support in Albany."

Eugene A. Johnson, delegate of the Man-

hattan Musical Union, said: "I never could understand how any representative of organized labor could consistently join the Citizens' committee. I know I know to be bright and capable, but at the same time, in becoming an officer of the Citizens' Union, he is allying himself with people who are known enemies of organized labor."

DEED OF A DRUNKARD.
Almost Beat His Wife to Death, Killed One of Her Would-Be Defenders and Wounded Another.

Erle, Pa., July 25.—Charles Edwards attempted to beat his wife to death last night about midnight. Edwards was drunk. A fellow employee named William Allison and his employer, John Kane, heard the woman's cries and rushed to her assistance. When they entered Edward's house Edwards fired with a revolver, the bullets taking effect in both men. Allison died shortly after. Kane was shot through the neck and is very low, but may recover. Mrs. Edwards was badly beaten, and physicians fear that she has suffered internal injuries. Edwards escaped.

THEY WANT LOW'S SCALP.
German and Irish Societies Unite and Are Preparing a Denunciatory Circular to Defeat His Nomination.

There was a union of German and Irish societies in Brooklyn on Saturday night. They met to denounce and resolve against Seth Low.

About a dozen prominent Irish societies, including the Emmett Club, of Greenpoint, the Shamrock Club, of Astoria, and the Brian Boru Club, of South Brooklyn, were present. The Germans were represented by delegates from the German Machine Union, which for political work is known as the German Machine Republican Club. This strange anti-Low conference took place behind closed doors at No. 121 Hall street, Brooklyn.

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GOMEZ STANDS FIRM.
Spaniards Learn That He Has Reaffirmed His Determination Not to Accept Any Compromise.

Madrid, July 25.—It is stated that General Maximino Gomez, the leader of the Cuban insurgents, has reaffirmed his determination not to accept a compromise with the Government, but to adhere to his demand for the absolute independence of Cuba.

Gold Fever in Tennessee.
Nashville, Tenn., July 25.—The gold fever has reached Nashville, and before many days a number of citizens will be on their way to the Klondike gold fields, from present indications. Last night at a meeting of citizens the Klondike Gold Mining and Transportation Company was organized. The company is to be organized in Nashville, and its headquarters are in engineering the movement. Eleven men have already subscribed for stock, and intend to depart by August 10.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
Announcement that commencing Tuesday, July 27, through buffet parlor cars will be established between New York and Cape May, leaving New York from Twenty-third street 12:35 noon and from Camden and Des Moines streets 1:30 p. m., daily, except Sunday. Returning the car leaves Cape May 7:40 a. m.—Advt.

JOURNAL PARTY OFF FOR KLONDYKE

First Expedition Sails from Seattle on the Steamer Mexico.

MOST DANGEROUS ROUTE

They Will Reach Dawson City Over the Mountain Passes Before Winter.

ALL THE NEWS EN ROUTE.

Information as to the Perils, Obstacles and Expenses of the Journey the Object.

POET, WRITER, PHOTOGRAPHER.

The Party Consists of Joaquin Miller, P. J. Livernash, an Accomplished Newspaper Man, and C. L. Kreling, Who Will Make Pictures.

Seattle, Wash., July 25.—The Journal expedition to the gold fields of the Klondyke, via Dyea and the Chilkoot Pass sailed on the steamer City of Mexico at noon today.

The expedition consists of Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," E. J. Livernash, and C. L. Kreling, the latter being the photographer of the party. The party is equipped with supplies such as the miners carry, and will proceed in the same fashion and over the same route taken by those who preceded via Jeneau or Dyea, the latter point being one hundred miles further north.

The object of the expedition, which is in charge of E. J. Livernash, is to make observations of the weather conditions, the nature of the obstacles to be overcome, the state of the trail leading over the mountains to the chain of lakes connecting with the rivers running into the Yukon, the various modes of transportation by land and water, and the cost of the same, and the requirements per man for making this trip in the way of food, tools and clothing. In fact, to obtain complete information, which will be given to the people through the Journal.

This trip which the expedition undertakes is the most hazardous route to the mines, though it is the shortest. The longest and safest route to Dawson City, the centre of the Klondyke country, is by way of the North Pacific Ocean and the Yukon River.

The latter route, it is said, will close in August, but the Journal's second expedition, consisting of Charles G. Tate, statistician of the mint at San Francisco, and the best mining authority in the West, E. H. Hamilton, an accomplished newspaper writer, and Helen Dare, a well-known woman writer, will make the trip before the Yukon closes completely, even though the river may be partly frozen before they reach Dawson City. The second expedition will also gather data that will be invaluable.

Joaquin Miller, who accompanies the first expedition, will write on mining camps as he sees them. He was one of the Argonauts of '49, and was a miner in California in those days.

Thousands of persons witnessed the departure of the steamer and cheered the Journal party. Among the freight were sixty horses for mining country, which may be used to haul supplies, or falling in that capacity, will furnish food, which promises to be scarce in that country this winter.

Made it a Holiday.
The people of the city made the day a general holiday, and from all quarters poured down to the dock of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, where the Mexico was docked. Some were there as early as 5 o'clock in the morning and waited around while busy laborers completed the work of loading the ship. The Mexico carried about four hundred passengers, eighty horses, 1,200 tons of freight and a number of dogs.

With a few exceptions, the passengers are bound for Dawson City, and they hope to reach there before many weeks go by. Men of every walk of life were among the passengers. There were more people present to see the Mexico leave than have witnessed the departure of any other steamer since the news came down of the great finds in the Klondyke country.

Mr. Low's management of excise affairs, when he was in charge of the Excise Bureau in Brooklyn.

The Anti-Low League, of Brooklyn, was formed as a result of the meeting. P. S. Kewlin, president of the Irish National Alliance, was selected for president of the new organization. Anthony Timothy was named as vice-president, and Jeremiah D'Arcy as secretary.

CRAZY TO GET AWAY.
Prospectors Leaving for the North in Gasoline Steamboats and Sailing Vessels.

San Francisco, July 25.—Instead of abating, the Klondyke craze grows more intense. Preparations for the departure of the Cleveland yesterday merely added to the mining fever that has swept over the city. All day long Mission street wharf, where the steamer was moored, was thronged with men and women. Every longshoreman who tramped up the gangplank was pointed out as one of the "Klondyke" and instantly that man became a hero.

The crew of the ship caught the general contagion, and passed up their work to do plans for deserting at St. Michaels and making their way to Dawson. By night the majority made no secret of their intention to carry out this plan, and an acquaintance of Captain Hall offered to wager a new hat that the steamer would be compelled to remain at St. Michaels all winter for lack of men to bring her back.

At Broadway wharf, where the Umatilla was hurrying her cargo on board in order to get away on schedule time 9 o'clock this morning the crowds were but little less dense. The Umatilla will go to Victoria, and will carry a large number of people, who will take a steamer at that point for Dyea and make the overland journey to Dawson.

The City of Topeka, which connects with the Umatilla for Juneau, has booked her last passenger, and many will have to wait until another ship goes out.

There is an unprecedented demand for water craft of every description, and the water front is thronged with men anxious to find some vessel that will carry them to Alaska. To meet this demand in part the Pacific Coast Steamship Company have chartered the steamer Willamette, now on the way here with a cargo of coal from Seattle. The steamer is due here to-day or to-morrow, and the work of discharging her will be rushed day and night. She has no passenger accommodations, but the space between decks will be fitted with bunks. It is hoped to have her ready to sail for Juneau by the 20th or 30th, with room for about 500 fortune seekers.



COUSINS DIED TOGETHER.

Annie and Patrick Sullivan, of Westchester Village, were first cousins. The Catholic Church forbids the union of persons so closely related, but this did not deter the young man and woman from falling deeply in love. All day Friday they went from priest to priest, only to be told that the church would not permit their marriage. Some time between Saturday night and yesterday they inhaled gas together in a room.

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Think Canadians Are Favored.
The Pacific Coast Steamship people are considerably exercised over the action of the Treasury Department in making Dyea a sub-port of entry, which they claim was done at the request of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company through the Dominion Government. The Canadian Pacific company operates a line of steamers between Victoria and Juneau, and asked to have United States customs officers placed on board their boats, which they wanted to run through to Dyea direct. These officers were to collect duties, and thus obviate the necessity of landing cargoes at Juneau. The Treasury Department would even have allowed Dyea a sub-port of entry. The local steamship people say this will turn the gold hunters from the East to the Canadian route to the interior.

People who are not excited are aghast at the possible fate awaiting the thousands of unprepared adventurers rushing into the frozen north-west.

Words of caution are not wanting from those who are at Klondyke, and those who have been there. J. B. Dyer, of this city, who has been working along the Yukon River, and has claims upon Chilkoot River, and also upon the Klondyke, has been credited with making fabulous sums.

Mr. Dyer says he sent to his wife in Oakland \$400,000. Fearing that these exaggerated stories might induce others to go to the mines unprepared, he has issued the following word of warning: "I have seen the end of warning, and one hundred men in Spring on their return to Alaska." Yours truly, J. B. Dyer.

J. B. Eldridge, of Astoria, who has mined all through the Yukon region, warns people not to go unprepared for the winter. "The Yukon is a wide, shallow river, and will be just as well off as the man who goes up now," said Mr. Eldridge. "In fact, he will be better off, for he will not have to contend with the winter. Many who are starting for the Klondyke now, will probably not get further than St. Michaels, for winter comes suddenly in that country. The Yukon is a wide, shallow river, and will be just as well off as the man who goes up now."

L. H. Griffiths and Angus Mackintosh, who have purchased the gasoline boat for a voyage to the interior, say they do not intend to take more than twenty passengers. They will stock the boat with provisions to her full capacity, and will require each man who goes up to have \$1,000. This he will be asked to deposit, and on arrival at Dawson will receive the supplies he has deposited. It is estimated that these supplies, landed at Dawson, will easily be worth the \$1,000 deposited by the gold seekers.

Mr. Griffiths has the utmost confidence in the ability of the Chetco to reach the Klondyke before the river closes in. He says that the Chetco is a wide, shallow river, and will be just as well off as the man who goes up now. "The Yukon is a wide, shallow river, and will be just as well off as the man who goes up now."

At Seattle they will be joined by a party and will go to Juneau, Alaska, where they will survey a pass from Taku Inlet, near Alaska coast, to Tostila Lake, which a syndicate here propose to use as a railroad route for transporting miners and supplies into the interior.

Mr. Pratt is an experienced civil and electrical engineer and is professor of electrical engineering at Delaware College. Mr. Packard and Mr. Pratt will return to this city about October 1 with their report.

SURVEY FOR A RAILROAD.
The Delaware Syndicate Pushing Their Preparations for a Line from Juneau to the Yukon.

Wilmington, Del., July 25.—P. I. Packard and William A. Pratt, president of the Board of Directors of the Street and Sewer Department of this city, left here to-night for Seattle, Wash.

At Seattle they will be joined by a party and will go to Juneau, Alaska, where they will survey a pass from Taku Inlet, near Alaska coast, to Tostila Lake, which a syndicate here propose to use as a railroad route for transporting miners and supplies into the interior.

In the heart of the Great Hotel District—A Pennsylvania Railroad will deliver a passenger at the Pennsylvania Railroad's 22d Street Station in ten or fifteen minutes from any of the great hotels, or any portion of the great residential district. Once at 22d Street, the commodious facilities of the Standard and Railroad of America—Advt.

BANS FORBIDDEN THESE LOVERS DIED

Sweethearts Were Cousins and Could Not Wed in Church.

SO KILLED THEMSELVES.

Their Bodies Found Together with Her Hands Tightly Clapsed in His.

The little settlement of West Chester has its romantic tragedy which is not unlike that of Verona, made immortal by Shakespeare in the story of Romeo and Juliet. Some time between 11 o'clock Saturday night and sunrise yesterday morning, Annie Sullivan and her cousin, Patrick, died together and for each other.

They could not marry; the laws of the Church of which they both were members forbade that, and besides, their parents objected to any matrimonial alliance between them. They made a last effort on Friday. They walked from priest to priest determined to be joined in wedlock despite parental objection.

At each parish house they met with the same response. "No, we cannot marry first cousins without a special dispensation from the bishop." They knew then that they could never be married, for neither the father of the young girl nor the mother of the young man would give consent, and without such consent there was no hope of a dispensation.

In utter despair, they hired a small room in a little saloon almost without halting distance of their respective homes, and when morning came they were dead.

They left no message behind, but those who knew of their love needed no more eloquent word than the two white faces that almost touched one another in death. According to the coroner, they took their lives by inhaling illuminating gas, but then the coroner doesn't know of the existence of a half pint bottle which is now locked up in the safe of Undertaker Butler, of West Chester.

Poison Their Key to Rest.

Those who examined the room in which they were found are confident that not enough gas escaped to kill them, but that the contents of the bottle which was found on a centre table, and from which both had drunk, could tell the true story of their death if analyzed.

The romance of these two people dates back for a period extending over at least fifteen years. Annie was the daughter of Lawrence Sullivan, who, ever since the late Millionaire J. A. Morris founded the Morris Park race course, had been a trusted employee of the association. He began as a watchman, but had risen to the position of caretaker under Superintendent Gorman. He had three children, two sons, who are also employed by the racing association, and the daughter Annie.

Three miles away lived Sullivan's only brother, Michael. This brother was far more successful in life than was the caretaker of Morris Park. Many years ago he had purchased land in the vicinity of Port Morris and West Chester, when the houses and the neighbors were few and separated by miles instead of yards.

Built a House for Each Son.
Several years before his death he caused to be erected on his land four houses intended for each of his four sons. Two of these sons married and brought their wives to the pretty little cottages, but two others remained single.

One of these was Patrick, the third son. He was the handsomest and sturdiest of the four, and long ago the neighbors had commented on the fact of how frequently he and his cousin Annie were seen together, as they were first cousins. When the parents of either were spoken of regarding the ripening affection of the young people they merely smiled and said that both were very young, and that it could never amount to anything anyhow, as they were first cousins. Reluctantly the two yielded, or pretended to do so, when told that the canonical laws

of the Church of Rome, of which both were devout and earnest members, forbade such a union. They pretended to be resigned to their fate, and when Michael Sullivan died it was with the conviction that there would never be a union in his family to which he had objected in life.

Deeked Himself Out for Death.
On Saturday afternoon, Annie Sullivan, dressed in a bright gown, discovered with many ribbons, called on the wife of Patrick's brother, Lawrence, on the old farm. She stayed for dinner, and it was noticed that while at moments she was almost feverishly gay, at other times she appeared absent minded, and took no notice of questions addressed to her. So marked was this that Mrs. Sullivan said: "What in the world is the matter with you, Annie?"

"Oh, nothing at all," she replied, and then she laughed hysterically.

When 9 o'clock arrived the girl arose and announced that it was time for her to start for home.

"You had better stay here to-night, Annie," urged Mrs. Sullivan. "It looks very much like rain, and it is such a long walk." Annie declined the invitation, saying that her mother would be anxious about her. Just then her cousin and sweetheart arrived at the house and pretended to be surprised at finding Annie there. "Now, promptly volunteered to be her escort, and shortly before 10 o'clock they set forth.

It should be borne in mind that neither of them had, according to the testimony of their relatives, been drinking. This fact is important in view of the statement made to the police by the wife of the owner of the saloon in which they were found dead. The saloon keeper is Martin Ritz, and his place is a little two-story building, off Green avenue, near Second street, West Chester. He is employed as a conductor on the elevated railroad, and it is his young wife who really has charge of the saloon business.

The Saloon Keeper's Statement.
Ritz said yesterday that at about 10:30 o'clock Saturday evening Sullivan and his cousin called at his place and, seating themselves upon the piazza, called for refreshments. He does not remember what they drank, but when he was preparing to start for his work on the railroad a few minutes after 11 o'clock Sullivan followed him to the gate and said to him: "Now, Martin, I want you to do me a favor. Annie and I were married this afternoon, but you know the objections which our families have always had and we are compelled to keep this marriage secret. It is too late for us to go to the city to-night, and I wish you would rent us your spare room, back of the dining room."

Ritz says, firmly believing Sullivan's story, he told his wife to accommodate them. That is the last he saw of them alive.

Mrs. Ritz tells quite another story. According to her tale, Sullivan and his cousin came to the house, both badly intoxicated. When her husband started for his work he said to her that in his opinion they were too much under the influence of liquor to make it advisable for them to go out into the streets at that hour. So, at her husband's suggestion, she prepared two small rooms for their accommodation. The rooms are of meagre dimensions, one being in the rear of the other, and both on the ground floor of the house. She says that she assigned Sullivan to the rear room, and Annie to the other, which opened off from the dining room.

How the Lovers Were Found.

At 7 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Ritz noticed a strong smell of gas. It was evident that the odor came from the room occupied by the lovers. She says she suspected something was wrong, and fearing to make the discovery herself, screamed for help. Her husband was answered by her next door neighbor, Mr. Hanter, who, after knocking on the door, placed his shoulder against the panels, and exerted all his strength. There was a crash, and he saw that a chair had been placed against the door, and the next discovery he made was that the bodies of the young couple were stretched prone on the floor. There was an unmistakable odor of gas in the room, but it was not so strong as to especially inconvenience the man who was with Mrs. Ritz, who followed him into the room.

They opened the windows, however, and as the fresh air came into the room, they saw that there was another occupant of the apartment beside the still body of the man on the floor. Upon the narrow bed, clothed in the bright dress with its many ribbons, was the body of Annie Sullivan. One hand was above her head, the fingers resting among the thick brown hair. Such a body had been one of her most attractive features. She lay partly on one side, and hanging from the side of the couch was the right arm, bent to the elbow.

Her Hand Was in His.

The two spectators did not notice at first that the left arm of the man on the floor reached upward, and that the fingers of his hand clutched in a firm grasp the slender fingers of the woman. Such a body did notice, though, that there was no look of death upon the features, but that the body was still warm. The woman's body was so stiff that it was difficult to get it to the floor. It was that look of calm content that robbed the situation of its terrible character, and the woman who had come upon the scene.

"Can they be asleep?" asked Mrs. Ritz. But the man, who had experienced the shock his head and said, "No, I'm afraid not."

They did not touch the bodies, but sent messengers for a doctor, a policeman and a coroner. The doctor when he arrived said they had both been dead several hours. The policeman said that the bodies were not to be moved until the coroner arrived.

The Coroner Said "Forever Suicide."
"It is my idea," said the coroner, "that the woman lay down with the deliberate intention of dying with her lover, and that the man then turned on the gas and then turned it on again. From the marks I found upon the bodies, I am sure that if the man had not turned on the gas, he would not have been able to break the neck of the gas bottle."

ly child. It rests with every woman whether her baby shall be healthy and happy, or puny and miserable. If during the period preceding maternity a woman takes proper care of the organs upon which the perpetuation of the race depends, she insures the health of herself and child. It is easy to do this. The proper medicine is at hand. Over 90,000 women have testified in writing to the value of it.

The organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible are directly acted upon by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes them strong and healthy. It cures all weakness and disease. It prepares for maternity. It does away with the discomforts of the expectant period. It insures baby's health and makes its advent easy and almost painless. Druggists sell more of the "Favorite Prescription" than of all other similar medicines combined.

"I am anxious to add my testimonial to your 'Favorite Prescription' writes Mrs. C. G. Braden, of Fort Grant, Graham